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THE FIRST PART
OF
THE CONTENTION.

THE FIRST QUARTO.

1594,

FROM THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY,
BY
CHARLES PRAETORIUS

WITH FOREWORDS EMBODYING THE LATE R. GRANT WHITE'S
ARGUMENT ON SHAKSPERE'S RIGHT TO THE WHOLE
OF *2 & 3 HENRY VI.*

BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL.

LONDON :
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1889.

43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &c., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

I. Those by W. Griggs.

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|--|
| No. | | No. | |
| 1. | Hamlet. 1603. Q. ₁ . | 8. | Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q. ₁ . |
| 2. | Hamlet. 1604. Q. ₂ . | 9. | Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q. ₂ . |
| 3. | Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. Q. ₁ .
(Fisher.) | 10. | Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q. ₁ . |
| 4. | Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. Q. ₂ .
(Roberts.) | 11. | Richard III. 1597. Q. ₁ . |
| 5. | Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q. ₁ . | 12. | Venus and Adonis. 1598. Q. ₁ . |
| 6. | Merry Wives. 1602. Q. ₁ . | 13. | Troilus and Cressida. 1609. Q. ₁ . |
| 7. | Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q. ₁ . (Roberts.) | 17. | Richard II. 1597. Q. ₁ . Duke of Devonshire's copy. (Best version: text printed.) |

2. Those by C. Praetorius.

- | | | | |
|-----|--|-----|--|
| 14. | Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. Q. ₁ . | 31. | Othello. 1622. Q. ₁ . |
| 15. | Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q. ₁ . | 32. | Othello. 1630. Q. ₂ . |
| 16. | Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q. ₂ . (Heyes.) | 33. | King Lear. 1608. Q. ₁ . (N. Butter, <i>Pide Bull.</i>) |
| 18. | Richard II. 1597. Q. ₁ . Mr. Huth's copy. | 34. | King Lear. 1608. Q. ₂ . (N. Butter.) |
| 19. | Richard II. 1608. Q. ₃ . | 35. | Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q. ₁ . |
| 20. | Richard II. 1624. Q. ₅ . | 36. | Romeo and Juliet. Undated. Q. ₄ . |
| 21. | Pericles. 1609. Q. ₁ . | 37. | Contention. 1594. Q. ₁ . (For 2 Henry VI.) |
| 22. | Pericles. 1609. Q. ₂ . | 38. | True Tragedy. 1595. Q. ₁ . (For 3 Henry VI.) |
| 23. | The Whole Contention. 1619. Q. ₃ . Part I.
(for 2 Henry VI.). | 39. | The Famous Victories of Henry V. 1598. Q. ₁ . |
| 24. | The Whole Contention. 1619. Q. ₃ . Part II.
(for 3 Henry VI.). | 40. | The Troublesome Raigne of King John.
Part I. 1591. Q. ₁ . |
| 25. | Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q. ₁ . | 41. | The Troublesome Raigne of King John.
Part II. 1591. Q. ₁ . |
| 26. | Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q. ₂ . | 42. | Richard III. 1602. Q. ₃ . |
| 27. | Henry V. 1600. Q. ₁ . | 43. | Richard III. 1622. Q. ₅ . |
| 28. | Henry V. 1608. Q. ₂ . | | |
| 29. | Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q. ₁ . | | |
| 30. | Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. Q. ₁ . | | |



[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 37.]

FOREWORDS

TO "THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION," QO. I, 1594.

THE LATE RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S VIEW.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Parts 2 & 3 of <i>Henry VI.</i> are all Shakspere's, p. iii 2. Greene part author of the Ground-Plays, p. iv 3. First lifted <i>Contention</i> bit, p. iv 4. Sample extracts from Marlowe (p.vi), Greene (p. vii), and Peele, p. viii 5. Best lifted <i>True-Tragedy</i> bit, p. viii 6. Comic Cade scenes (p. xi), compared with a bit from Greene, p. xiii 7. Specimens of the rejected bits of the Ground-Plays, p. xiv 8. Greene's ear-mark for <i>to</i>, p. xv | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 9. Marlowe's share in the Ground-Plays, small, p. xvii 10. The old passages retain'd, are homogeneous with the new; while those rejected are inferior, p. xvii 11. Grant White's conclusion, p. xxi 12. His view of I <i>Henry VI.</i>, p. xxi 13. Another side to the question, p. xxii 14. Thanks to helpers, p. xxii |
|--|--|

Collation of Quartos 1 and 3, p. xxiii
Characters of the Play, p. xxvii

1. The last opinion which I have seen on the foundation plays of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* is also the feeblest. It is in the 7th edition of Mr. Hall-Phillipps's *Outlines*, 1887, i. 99, "that [theory] which best agrees with the positive evidences [of which there are none] is that which concedes the authorship of the three plays [I, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*] to Shakespeare, their production to the year 1592, and the quarto editions of the Second and Third Parts as vamped, imperfect, and blundering versions of the poet's own original dramas."

This is surely a refuge for the brain-destitute. And if any want-wit can bring what he is pleas'd to call his mind, to accept for a time this notion of the authorship of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*,¹ he must be left to grow out of it. A far abler man, the late Richard Grant White, put forth a much more reasonable theory in his edition of Shakspere's Works, Boston, U. S. A., 1865, vol. vi. p. 403—468, "that *The First Part of the Contention*, *The True Tragedy*—and, probably, an early form of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* unknown to us,² were written by Marlowe, Greene

¹ Much more, that of I *Hen. VI.*

² Why not the "First Part" known to us?

and Shakspere¹ (and perhaps Peele) together, not improbably as co-laborers for the company known as the Earl of Pembroke's Servants, soon after the arrival of Shakspere in London; and that he, in taking passages, and sometimes whole scenes, from those plays, for his *King Henry the Sixth*, did little more than to reclaim his own."—p. 407. Mr. J. Russell Lowell adopts this view (Essay on Shakspere). I shall abstract Grant White's argument.

2. Greene's sneer—to Marlowe, Lodge and Peele—at the 'vpstart Crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and beeing an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the only Shakescene in a Countrey,'² is of course a sneer at Shakspere, and a claim by Greene that he—if not also all or some of Marlowe, Lodge and Peele—were part-authors of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, in which "Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Woman's Hide" occurs, in York's speech, Act I, sc. iv. l. 137 (Fol. 1, *Hist.*, p. 151, col. 2 at foot).

Greene's Funerals of 1594, Sonnet ix, says,

‘ Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him,
Nay more, the men that so Eclipt his fame
Purloyned his Plumes: can they deny the same?’

The True Tragedy was “acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants.” Nash, in his *Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, publisht in 1593, says that Greene was “chief agent of the companie, for he writ more than four other,” while Shakspere is not known to have had any connection with Lord Pembroke's players. Greene's title to a share in *The Contention and True Tragedy* is, thus far, clearer than Shakspere's.

3. “Are we then to reject the uncontradicted testimony of Heminge and Condell that Shakspere was the author of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, and award to him only the lines and parts of lines which are found in those two plays, but not in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*, assigning all the others to Greene, or to the trio Marlowe, Greene and Peele?”

Grant White thinks not, and cannot understand how any intelligent reader of the four poets can seriously entertain the proposition. Nearly 3500 lines, entire or modified, are “transferred from the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* to 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, forming nearly half of the former, and more than two-thirds of the latter. It is impossible to attribute to Shakspere such wholesale “conveyance.”

¹ Mr. White spells “Shakespeare.”

² *Groats worth of Witte*, 1592.

§ 3. FIRST IMPORTANT SHIFT FROM THE CONTENTION TO 2 HENRY VI. v

The question is one of internal evidence. Let us then consider the character of the passages common to both versions.

The first passage of any consequence common to the *Contention* and to *2 Henry VI.* is in sc. ii. of Act III., lines 188—231 (Fol. i, *Hist.*, 135, col. 1):

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 188 | ‘ <i>Warw[ick]</i> . Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh, 188
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect ‘twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest, | 192 |
| 192 | But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soar with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie. | |
| 196 | ‘ <i>Oslen</i> . Are you the Butcher, <i>Suffolk</i> ? Where’s your Knife? | ; |
| 200 | ‘ <i>Beauford</i> tearm’d a Kyte? Where are his Tallons?
<i>Suff[olk]</i> . I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here’s a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scourd in his rancorous heart | |
| 204 | That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar’st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faultie in Duke <i>Humfreyes</i> death. | ; |
| 208 | [<i>Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.</i>]
<i>Warw.</i> What dares not <i>Warwick</i> , if false <i>Suffolke</i> dare him?
<i>Qu.</i> He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though <i>Suffolke</i> dare him twentie thousand times. | |
| 212 | <i>Warw.</i> Madame, be still! with reverence may I say;
For ev ery word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie. | ; |
| 216 | ‘ <i>Suff.</i> Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever Lady wrong’d her Lord so much, | |
| 220 | Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntur’d Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe; whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the <i>Neivis</i> Noble Race. | ; |
| 224 | <i>Warw.</i> But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
I would, false murd’rous Coward, on thy Knee | |
| 228 | Make thee begge pardon for thy passē speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant’st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Give thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell, | ; |
| 231 | Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
‘ <i>Suff.</i> Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar’st goe with me. | |
| | ‘ <i>Warw.</i> Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
‘ <i>Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,</i>
‘ <i>And doe some seruice to Duke <i>Humfreyes</i> Ghost.</i> | ; |

¹ The bracketed lines are taken bodily from the older play. Modified lines are marked with quotation marks. Lines unmarked are found only in the Folio.

If Shakspere filched, here is the first example of his filching.
But from whom? Marlowe?¹ Greene? Peele?

"One of them, if any one; and they are the complainants.

But they cannot prove property in this gear."

"If it be possible that these lines are not Shakspere's, it is almost certain" (says Grant White) "that they are neither Marlowe's, Greene's, nor Peele's." If Shakspere did not write—'Blunt-witted Lord . . . Nevil's noble race,'—"the man who did it is yet to be discovered."

4. To prove this, Grant White then gives extracts from Marlowe, Greene and Peele, for comparison with the above quotation.

From Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Act I. sc. ii., p. 92, col. 2, ed. Cunningham :—

Barabas. Aye, policy! that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.—
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress!

I Jew. O, yet be patient, gentle Barabas!

Barabas. O silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my lamentations?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

I Jew. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel han'ling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Barabas. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;
And of me only have they taken all.

I Jew. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

Barabas. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valu'd at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birthday, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,

¹ Yes, plainly Marlowe. The exaggeration and the strain are far more like him than Shakspere. See Miss Lee's Paper.—F.

And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes ;
 For only I have toil'd to inherit here
 The months of vanity, and loss of time,
 And painful nights, have been appointed me."

The Jew of Malta. Marlowe's Works, vol. i. p. 252, ed. Dyce
 (p. 150, one vol. ed.).

Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England* furnishes the following verses, which are in his best style :—

" *Rasni.* So pace ye on, triumphant warriors ;
 Make Venus' leman, arm'd in all his pomp,
 Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
 For you the viceroys are, the cavaliers,
 That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness :
 Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
 That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
 To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
 Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
 Rounded with Lycus' silver-flowing streams ?
 Whose city large diametri contains,
 Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall ;
 Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
 As glorious as the portal of the sun ;
 And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
 Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
 This city is the footstool of your king ;
 A hundred lords do honour at my feet ;
 My sceptre straineth both the parallels :
 And now t'enlarge the highness of my power,
 I have made Judæa's monarch flee the field,
 And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds," etc.

A Looking Glass for London and England. Greene's Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 59.

Peele's plays afford no better lines than these from *David and Betsabe* :—

" *Cusay.* The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
 And all that cast their darts against his crown,
 Fare ever like the young man Absalon !
 For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
 Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
 His hair was tangled in a shady oak ;
 And hanging there, by Joab and his men
 Sustain'd the stroke of well-deserv'd death.

David. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death ?
 Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
 And make these cursed news the bloody darts
 That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast !
 Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
 And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,
 And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
 Sit mourning the decease of Absalon :
 Against the body of that blasted plant
 In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
 Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs ;
 And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk

Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst ;
Let tempest, muffed with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

[Goes to his pavilion and sits close a while.]

Bethsabe. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell.
O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,
Whose heart is pierc'd with thy breathy swords,
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs ! ” etc.

Peele's Works, vol. ii. p. 75, ed. Dyce (p. 484, one vol. ed.).

“ A comparison of these passages with that above quoted from *The First Part of the Contention* and the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* in common, will make it sufficiently clear to every reader that the writer of the former had instinctively adopted a principle of rhythm, and possessed a facility of thought and verse, and especially a dramatic freedom of diction, which are not indicated by either of the latter. But the comparison in other respects would not be fair ; for the passage cited from the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth* and *The First Part of the Contention*, is taken only because it is the first of any importance which is common to both those plays ; while the passages quoted from Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, are selected as being among the best in thought, rhythm, and diction to be found in the works of their several authors. They gain little, it is true, in any one of these respects, even if they do not suffer in all, by comparison with the passage from *The First Part of the Contention* ; but for the complete attainment of our end, they must be compared with some of the finer passages common to the earlier and later versions of the two plays (2 & 3 Hen. VI.), the authorship of which is the present subject of our inquiry.”

5. “ So little of *The First Part of the Contention* was retained without essential change in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, that, for the present purpose, it will be better to turn to the other play (*Tr. Tr. & 3 Hen. VI.*). The intelligent reader can note for himself, among the thirteen hundred lines which are common to *The True Tragedy* and the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, so many passages which in thought, diction, and rhythm are far superior to those quoted above from the works of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, that it is necessary to transfer but one to these pages for the purpose of immediate comparison. We have not far to look before we find the following lines in both the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*

(Act I. sc. iv.) and *The True Tragedy*. They form a part of a long and highly dramatic scene, which is taken almost bodily from the latter play."

3 Henry VI., I. iv. 27—95 (Fol. 1, *Hist.*, p. 151, col. 1)—

- { "Yorke. Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage!
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet!
Clifford. Ay,¹ to such mercy as his ruthlesse Arme,
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.
Now Phaeon hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick.
Yorke. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what-ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further;
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons;
So desperate Theeuves, all hopelesse of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuetiues 'gainst the Officers.
Yorke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this!
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle² with thee blowes, twice two for one.
Quene [Margaret]. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life.
Wrath makes him deafe: speake thou, Northumberland!
Northumb. Hold, Clifford! doe not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages;
And tenne to one is no impeach of Valour.
[They lay hands on York, who struggles.]
Clifford. Ay, ay,¹ so striues the Woodcock with the Gynne.
Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.
York. So triumph Theeuves vpon their conquer'd Booty;
So True men yeeld, with Robbers so ore-matcht.
Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?
Quene. Brave Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That caught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
70 What! was it you that would be Englands King?³

¹ Fol. 'I.'

² Fol. buckler. Qo. buckle.

³ Grant White wrongly includes l. 70 in the brackets. It is only found in the Fo., and should therefore be unmarked.—P. A. Daniel.

x § 5. SHAKSPERE'S GENIUS EVIDENT IN THE TRUE TRAGEDY.

Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament, And made a Preachment of your high Descent ? Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now ? The wanton <i>Edward</i> , and the lustie <i>George</i> ? And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie, <i>Dickie</i> your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies ? Or, with the rest, where is your Darling, <i>Rutland</i> ?	74
'Looke, <i>Yorke</i> ! I staynd this Napkin with the blood That valiant <i>Clifford</i> , with his Rapiers point, Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy ; And if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this to drie thy Cheeke斯 withall. Alas, poor <i>Yorke</i> ! but that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy miserable state.	82
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, <i>Yorke</i> . What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles, That not a Teare can fall for <i>Rutlands</i> death ? Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldest be mad ; And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus. Stamp, rauie, and fret, that I may sing and dance. Thou wouldest be feeld, I see, to make me sport :	86
<i>Yorke</i> cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne. A Crowne for <i>Yorke</i> ! and, Lords, bow lowe to him : Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.	90
	94

[And so on to the end of the Scene.]

"This fine passage exhibits, in a greater degree, the same on-flowing rhythm, the same unobtrusive skill in moulding emotional utterance into the symmetrical form of verse without constraint of its dramatic freedom, that appear in the extract previously made from *The First Part of the Contention* and *2 Henry VI.* [Act III. sc. ii.]. But it is also marked with a superior mastery of language and a more vigorous tone of thought."—p. 422.

"The imagery occasionally rises to the higher regions of fancy, where it soars with steady wing, in striking contrast with the fitful and extravagant flight which are characteristic of Elizabethan dramatic poetry of the middle period. *Margaret's* long speech . . . opens, too, with an image unsurpassed, almost unequalled, in simple grandeur and expressiveness by any other in the whole range of poetry :

'Come, make him stand upon this Molehill here,
That raught at Mountaines with outstretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.'

"What a thought to have sprung from the mere imagination [t. i. imagining by Queen Margaret] of a vanquished soldier placed upon a mound of earth to be insulted ! And yet it is thrown off with as little apparent care as if it were the merest commonplace. Who was there in England before 1592 who scattered such jewels with an open hand ? Marlowe, the only poet of that day who

could have even sought to grace his verse with such an image, would have compassed only a monstrous caricature of it.¹ No, there can be no doubt that in 1590 there was but one man living who could have written this passage; and that man was William Shakspere."—p. 422.

6. (Grant White, p. 423.) "But there are other passages in one of these plays which must not be passed over in this examination. These are the comic scenes in prose of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*—those in which *Jack Cade* and his followers appear. These Scenes have a comic power which depends not merely upon whim, or drollery, or the laugh-provoking faculty; they are humorous presentations of a weak side of human nature; and having been true to that nature once, are true to it for ever. In the hands of an artist of even secondary rank, they would have been so stiffly overlaid with the costume of his own time, or of the time in which they were placed, that they would be without general interest now, as is the case, for instance, with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*. But the contrary is the case; and it is entirely owing to these scenes that a vulgar, destructive demagogue is called *Jack Cade*, just as a pompous, foolish justice is called *Dogberry*, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Of these comic Scenes, only a few passages were retained without some change in the later play."

From the First Part of the Contention
[p. 51 Facsimile].

Geor. My Lord, a prize, a prize !
heres the Lord Say, Which sold the
Townes in France.

*From the Second Part of King
Henry the Sixth, Act. IV. sc. 7,
lines 22—56. (Fo. 1, Hist., p.
140, col. 2 at foot.)*

"*Mes.* My Lord, a prize, a
prize ! heeres the Lord *Say*, which
sold the Townes in France; He
24 that made vs pay one and twenty
Fiftees, and one shilling to the
pound, the last Subsidie.

*Enter George [Bevis], with the
Lord Say.*

¹ I contend, on the contrary, that the image is well within the reach of the man who wrote of Helen,

" Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss ! . . .
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena. . . .
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Marlowe's *Faustus*, V. iii., end., p. 82, col. 1.

The daring metaphor of the first lines, the lovely fancy of the last, are beaten by nothing in Shakspere.—F.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum Lord !

What answerest thou make unto my mightiness, for deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounser bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France ?

And more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a Grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the Realme,

and against the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou hast built up a paper-mill ; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou kest men in thy house that daily reades of bookees with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it !

And besides all that, thou hast appointed certain Iustises of Peace, in euery shire, to hang honest men that steale for their liuing ; and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp : onely for which cause, they were most worthy to liue.

Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, doest thou not ?

Say. Yes, what of that ?

Cade. Marry, I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honest man than thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet."

"Now, who was the playwright who, about 1590, (and rather before that date,) wrote this passage and others of the same character in *The First Part of the Contention*, and so brought the great comedy of human life upon the English stage? . . . Robert Greene was not only, according to Francis Meres, among 'the best

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou Say, thou Serge, nay, thou Buckram Lord ! now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounser *Basimucu*, the Dolphine of France ?

32 Be it knowne unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth

36 of the Realme in erecting a Grammar Schoole : and whereas, before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and,

40 contrary to the King, his Crowne and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face that thou hast men about thee that vsually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable

44 wordes as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison ; 48 and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them ; when, (indeed,) onely for that cause they haue beeene most worthy to liue. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost

52 thou not ?

Say. What of that ?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honest men than thou go in 56 their Hose and Doublets."¹

¹ "The other comic Scenes of which Cade is the hero are the 2nd, 3rd, and 8th of this Act. The reader will find them marked almost all through [in Grant White's ed.] with the inverted commas which indicate a rewriting of the old text ; but the variation between the older and the later versions is never greater than in the passage above quoted, and generally not so great."

for comedy,' but according to Chettle 'the only Comedian of a vulgar writer in this country.'—*Kind Heart's Dream*. . . Let us see then the best that could be done by 'Greene.' The funniest speeches of his comic characters are generally unquotable . . because . . they abound in . . ideas physically impure." In the following passage, however, Greene is cleaner and cleverer than it was his wont to be.

"*First Ruffian.* Come on, smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the town is.

Adam. Come on, in faith, my colts ! I have left my master striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clown. Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith with us ?

Adam. Paltry smith ! why, thou incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade ?

Clown. Why, slave, I am gentleman of Nineveh.

Adam. A gentlemen ! good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors : your father bare office in our town ; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on him, the one was on working-days, and then he kept the town stage, and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still : a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten ; his beard, rat's colour, half black, half white ; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *auteum glorificam*, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruf. Well said, smith ; that crossed him over the thumbs.

Clown. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

Adam. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee heartily, into thy scabbard ; hold in your rapier ; for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter.—Nay, then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him ; for mark the words, 'a paltry smith !' O horrible sentence ! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtals, jades, cuts, hackneys, and mares : whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse,—thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine own this seven year."—*A Looking Glass for London and England*. Greene's Works, vol. i. p. 65. Ed. Dyce [p. 119, one volume edition].

"This being the best that 'the only comedian' of England could do before Shakspere came upon the stage, and with characters not unlike *Cade* and his followers, and on an occasion not unlike that in which the latter first appear, the reader can easily guess what must have been the 'style of article' turned off by inferior workmen ; and he will not hesitate long in deciding to whom it is that the world owes the political economist who proclaimed that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that it should be felony to drink small beer." The conclusion of Grant White's Section III. is, that Shakspere wrote in his nonage, parts

* *

of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and afterwards turnd them into 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*

7. Having askt why Shakspere retaind certain parts of the old plays (because he wrote them), let us enquire why he rejected other parts, and see if these were not both inferior to the portions retaind, and also not of Shakspere's writing.

"The following speeches in *The First Part of the Contention* were wholly rejected from the later version in the first part of scene iv. of Act I. of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*" (Grant White, p. 289) [Sc. iv., pp. 16, 17, Facsimile] :—

1

"Elnor. Here sir *John*, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[She goes up to the Tower.]

4

Sir John. Now sirs, begin, and cast your spelis about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes,

8

Witch. Then, *Roger Bullinbrooke*, about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon, all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

[She lies downe vpon her face.]

Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.
Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp, I charge you, from *Sosetus* lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye :

12

Askalon, Assenda, Assenda!

20

* * * * *

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damnèd poule.
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parchèd smoakes,
The Rode of *Dyas* by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames !
Rise, *Jordaine*, rise, and staie thy charming Spels !
Sonne, we are betraide !"—*First Part of the Contention*, etc., pp. 17, 18.

Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

The following speech in the earlier version was rejected from the last part of Act II. sc. ii. of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* (p. 302), where only a modification of its last two lines appears [Sc. vi., p. 24, Facsimile] :—

31

"War. Then, Yorke, aduise thy selfe and take thy time ;
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose ;
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,

56

Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues, 57
 To aide and helpe thee *for to* win thy right,
 Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
 That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke ; 60
 For why, my minde presageth I shall liue
 To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king."—*Id. Ibid.*, pp. 26, 27.

This speech in the old version was rejected from the new, after "God save the king ! God save the king !" Act IV. sc. ix. (p. 363), [sc. xix., p. 54, Facsimile, at foot]—

"King. Come, let vs hast to London now with speed, 23
 That solemne prossessions may be sung,
 In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
 And triumphs of this happie victorie."—*Id. Ibid.*, p. 62. 26

"It is not assuming too much to say that the intelligent reader, who will compare these passages with the extract given on p. vii above (p. 417 in Grant White), from Greene's *Looking Glass for London*, can hardly fail to detect in the former the same poverty of thought, the same united meanness and exaggeration of style, and the same feeble monotony of verse which characterize the latter. But that the means of comparison may be directly present, I quote the following lines from Greene's *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*"—

"Beli. Thus far, my lords, we trainèd have our camp
For to encounter haughty Arragon,
 Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
 Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
 And burning towns, and sacking cities fair,
 Doth play the devil wheresome'er he comes.
 Now, as we are informèd by our scouts,
 He marcheth on unto our chiefest seat,
 Naples, I mean, that city of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about,
 And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
 To sack the same, as erst he other did.
 If which should hap, Belinus were undone,
 His country spoil'd, and all his subject[s] slain :
 Wherefore your sovereign thinketh it most meet
For to prevent the fury of the foe,
 And Naples succour, that distressed town,
 By entering in, ere Arragon doth come,
 With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery."

[Act I., p. 228, Dyce's one volume ed.] Greene's *Works*, pp. 13, 14, Ed. Dyce.

8. Grant White goes on (p. 430-4) to note the ear-mark of Greene—his frequent use of the Early English *for to* = to,—in the portions of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy* rejected in 2 & 3 Hen. VI. Shakspere and Marlowe never use *for to* in their

genuine plays,¹ but Greene does it constantly: more than 60 instances were noted by Grant White, the phrase occurring frequently twice, once thrice, once 4 times on one page. In the *Contention* passage above (*Elnor*, p. xiv), *for to* occurs twice within 7 lines; and in the second (page xv, line 2) it again appears. In the *True Tragedy* it is in the rejected speech—

“Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* & young *Rutlands* death, 3
 This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
 Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.” 6
True Tragedy, 1595, sc. viii., Facsimile, p. 35 (sc. vii. Camb. ed.).

In this very short scene of 3 speeches and 14 lines, Shakspere retaind one speech of 8 lines in its entirety, while he rejected the one just quoted, of 4 lines. The retaind lines are Clifford's answer to Richard's threat (*Facsimile*, p. 35) :—

“Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone. 7
 This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
 And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
 And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
 And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother, 10
 To execute the like upon thy selfe :
 And so haue at thee !” 13
Facsimile, p. 35-6. See *2 Hen. VI.*, II. iv. 5—11 (sc. viii. Camb. ed.).

“Could two contiguous speeches be more unlike in all traits of thought and diction? What worthy reader of Shakspere could have doubted that he wrote the eight lines that he retained,² and some other playwright the rejected four with the Pistolio-Nym-ic bombast, “Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,” even if we had not found in them “*for to* revenge”—Robert Greene, his mark?—and even if we did not find the following speech in the Induction to Greene's *James the Fourth*—“... ay'l so lop thy limbs” (Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 74), . . . and in his *Orlando Furioso*, “slice the tender fillets of thy life” (*ib.* i. 21), and . . . in *The True Tragedy*, “shut thy gates *for to* preserve the towne” (sc. xviii., l. 7, *Facsimile*, p. 61), rewritten as “shut the gates for safety of ourselves,” *3 Hen. VI.*, IV. vii. 18. Moreover, Abradas, the pirate of *The Contention* (sc. xii. l. 51, *Facsimile*, p. 44), is known elsewhere only in Greene's *Penelope's Web*. The name is altered into ‘Bargulus’ in *2 Hen. VI.*, IV. i. 107.

Grant White contends, in his § 5, p. 435-6, that Greene must have chosen for his sneer at Shakspere—Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a

¹ It's in Qo. 2 of *Hamlet*, ‘*for to drinke*,’ I. ii. 175, but not in Fo. 1; in Qo. 1 of *Rom. and Jul.*, but not in Qo. 2, &c.—F.

² I don't believe it for a second, and am content to be an ‘unworthy reader.’ The latter speech is no doubt Marlowe's. See Miss Lee's Paper.—F.

Woman's Hide—p. iv above,—a line written by the upstart Shakspere himself in *The True Tragedy*, as “otherwise the satire would lose the keenness proper to its edge, the sneer be without the venom ready for its sting.”

9. In his § 6, p. 436—443, Grant White argues against Marlowe having had any large share in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*. He contends that Dyce's parallel passages (D.'s *Marlowe*, vol. i. p. lxii) from Marlowe's *Edward II.* (A.D. 1592) and *The Contention* (1594) and *True Tragedy* (1595) are due to these passages being borrowed from the latter plays, and not *vice versa*,—in which case Marlowe must have heard them or seen them in MS. before his death in 1593.—He shows also how many parallelisms there are between Shakspere and Marlowe; but he allows that the character of certain scenes in the old ground-plays warrants the conclusion that Marlowe wrote them, or had a hand in them, because such scenes, “though rejected or entirely rewritten by Shakspere, and much inferior in kind as well as degree to other scenes not rejected or rewritten, yet in strength of passion, power of characterization, and high fantastic flight of fancy, mount far above the plane of Greene's pedestrian muse.”—p. 442.

10. Grant White goes on to ask in his § 7, p. 443-9, Are the passages from the old Plays retain'd by Shakspere in 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.* homogeneous with the new matter introduced by him into these dramas?

“In the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. sc. ii. [ll. 309—338], is the following passage (Fo. 1, *Hist.*, p. 136, col. 1), which is taken without any change of consequence from *The First Part of the Contention*—

- | | | |
|-----|--|---|
| 309 | ‘ <i>Suff.</i> A plague vpon them ! wherefore should I cursse them ? | } |
| | Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, | |
| 312 | ‘I would inuent as bitter-searching terms, | } |
| | As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare, | |
| 316 | Deliu'red strongly through my fix'd teeth, | |
| | With full as many signes of deadly hate, | |
| 320 | As leane-fac'd Enuy in her loathsome caue : | |
| | My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ; | |
| 324 | Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint ; | |
| | Mine haire be fixt on end, as one distract ; | |
| 328 | I, every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban : | |
| | And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake, | |
| | Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke ! | |
| | Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste ! | |
| | Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypressse Trees ! | |
| | Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes ! | |
| | Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings ! | |
| | Their musick, frightfull as the Serpents hisse, | |
| | And boading Screech-Owles make the Consort full ! | |
| | All the foule terrors in darke-seated hell— | |
| | <i>Queen</i> . Enough, sweet Suffolke ; thou torment'st thy-selfe ; | |

xviii § 10. A 2 HEN. VI. BIT SUBSTITUTED FOR A REJECTED CONTEN. BIT.

And these dread curses, like the Sunne 'gaint glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turns the force of them vpon thy-selfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

332

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338

" Let this be compared with the following passage of the same play, Act V. sc. ii. [ll. 31—65, Fo. 1, *Hist.*, p. 145, col. 2], for which one in *The First Part of the Contentions* is entirely rejected—¹

Enter yong Clifford.

Cliff. Shame and Confusion! all is on the rout ;
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance ! Let no Souldier flye !
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-loue ; nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of Valour. [Seeing his dead father] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the Last day
Knit earth and heauen together !
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and pettie sounds
To cease ! Was't thou ordain'd, deere Father,
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduis'd Age,
And, in thy Reuerence and thy Chaire-days, thus
To die in Ruffian battell ? Euen at this sight

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¹ " Here is the rejected speech [sc. xxii. p. 61, *Facsimile*] which Shakespeare very clearly did not write at any period of his life. I believe it to be Marlowe's."

" *Yong Clifford.* Father of Cumberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth ?
O ! dismal sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

44

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52

[He takes him up on his backe.
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staine, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate. '

56

§ 10. NEW PASSAGES (BY SHAKSPERE) IN 2 AND 3 HENRY VI. xix

- 50 My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares ;
No more will I their Babes ; Teares Virginall
Shall be to me euen as the Dew to Fire,
54 And Beautie that the Tyrant oft reclaines
Shall to my flaming wrath be Oyle and Flax.
Henceforth I will not haue to do with pitty !
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke
58 Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Absirtis* did :
In cruelty will I seeke out my Fame,
Come, thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house :
62 As did *Eneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
But then *Eneas* bare a liuing loade,
65 Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine."

"The latter shows a bolder, freer hand ; but it is the same hand that we trace in the former, grown bolder in the confidence of power, and freer by the use of freedom. In the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. sc. ii. [ll. 163—195, Fo. 1, *Hist.*, p. 160, col. 1 at foot], the following lines, forming part of a speech by *Gloster*, are almost entirely new—

- 163 " 'Rich. And am I then a man to be belou'd ?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
Then, since this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare such
As are of better Person then my-selfe,
168 Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And, whiles I live, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke that beares this Head
Be round impal'd with a glorious Crowne.
172 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues stand betweene me and home :
And I,—like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes and is rent with the Thornes,
176 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toylng desperately to finde it out,—
Torment my-selfe to catch the English Crowne :
180 And from that torment I will free my-selfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry "Content" to that which grieues my Heart,
184 And wet my Cheeke with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drownre more Saylers than the Mermaid shall ;
Ile slay more gazers than the Basiliske ;
188 Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
Deceiuere more slyly then *Vlisses* could,
And, like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
192 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And set the murtherous *Macheuill* to Schoole.

xx § 10. OLD AND NEW PASSAGES OF 3 HEN. VI. ARE OF LIKE KIND.

Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut! were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.'

195

"In Act V. sc. vi. [ll. 61—93] of the same play, the following speech by the same character is taken bodily from *The True Tragedy* (sc. xxv. *Facsimile*, p. 76); and not only does there seem to be no room to question that the two are coinage of the same brain, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover in them any evidence that they were not struck at the same time:—

"Rich. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke in¹ the ground? I² thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death!
O,³ may such purple teares be alway shed
From those that wish⁴ the downfall of our house!
If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,⁵
Downe, downe to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[Stabs⁶ him againe.]

I that haue neyther pitty, loue, nor feare,
Indeed, 'tis⁷ true that *Henrie* told me of;
For I haue often heard my Mother say
I⁸ came into the world with my Legges forward:
Had⁹ I not reason, thinke ye,¹⁰ to make haste,
And seeke their Ruine¹¹ that vsurp'd our Right¹²
The Midwife wonder'd and the Women cri'd¹³
"O Jesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth!"
And so I was;¹⁴ which plainly signified
That I should snarle and bite and play the dogge.
Then, since the Heauens haue shap'd¹⁵ my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I¹⁶ haue no Brother,¹⁷ I am like no Brother;¹⁷
And this word "Loue" which Gray-beards call¹⁸ Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me!¹⁹ I am my selfe alone.
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st¹⁹ me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzzle abroad such Prophesies
That²⁰ *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then, to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry* and the Prince his Son are gone:
Clarence, thy turne is next, and then the rest,²¹
Counting my selfe but bad till I be best.
Ile throw²² thy body in another roome
And Triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of Doome.
[Exit, with the body.]" (Grant White, p. 448.)

¹ into, Q. ² I had, Q. ³ Now, Q. ⁴ For such as seeke, Q.
⁵ remaine in thee, Q. ⁶ Stab, Q. ⁷ twas, Q. ⁸ That I, Q. ⁹ And
had, Q. ¹⁰ you, Q. ¹¹ ruines, Q. ¹² rights, Q. ¹³ The women
wept and the midwife cri'd, Q. ¹⁴ was indeed, Q. ¹⁵ since Heauen hath
made, Q. ¹⁶ Q. inserts a line: I had no father, I am like no father.
¹⁷ brothers, Q. ¹⁸ tearme, Q. ¹⁹ keptst, Q. ²⁰ As, Q.
²¹—²¹ *Henry* and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest.—Q.
²² drag, Q.

Grant White then refers again to the rejected *lop* and *slice* (p. xvi) speech, the one after it which is retain'd in 3 *Hen. VI.*, II. iv., and says that 'The similarity of the speech which Shakspere wrote for the new version and that which he retain'd from the old, with the entire congruity and harmony of the whole Scene as he thus left it, cannot but strike every reader who will but turn to it.' (?) He then condenses part of Knight's well-known argument from the unity of characterization, specially Glo'ster's, in the three Parts of *Hen. VI.*, in further witness that Shakspere had a hand in the shaping and the filling out of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*. (Grant White wisely does not include 1 *Hen. VI.*, as Knight does, tho' he weakens the force of this part of his argument by this exclusion.)

11. In § viii., &c., Grant White sums up : of nearly 6000 lines in 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.*, 3410 lines are taken bodily from, or based upon, passages in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*. If Shakspere stole all these, his undisguised appropriations brand him 'with a plagiarism without a parallel in literary history, and inconsistent alike with his established character for probity and the spontaneous fertility of his pen.'¹ We can't believe that the best of these lines were written by an unknown man.² They are better than the best of Marlowe's known work, as the Cade bits are better than the best of Greene's. The old and new passages in 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.* are congruous, of like kind;³ unity of characterization pervades the personages of the dramâs; therefore Skakspere wrote the retain'd part of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*.

He, Greene, Marlowe, and perhaps Peele, according to the co-operative play-writing of the day, wrote these 2 old plays for the Earl of Pembroke's Company.—p. 458.

When Shakspere re-wrote them, he rejected his fellows' work, and retain'd his own, adding to it and amending it, as any maturer writer would, on revising his earlier work. Until he was admitted by the Burbages to a share in the profits of their Company, it is not strange that Shakspere should have workt for another like Lord Pembroke's, whose descendants were his patrons and friends. In his revision he retain'd 2299 lines of the old Plays, he wrote 2524 new ones, and of these new, 1111 are alterations or expansions of passages in the old.

12. Of 1 *Hen. VI.*, Grant White held the greater part to be by

¹ But he surely never claimd them all as his own, tho' Heminge and Condell did, as they did the spurious parts of *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, &c.—F.

² Why not? Who wrote the King and Countess scenes in *Edward III.*, which Collier and Co. declare are Shakspere's?—F.

³ "The part of Warwick especially remains essentially unchanged, except by additions of entirely new matter." So Shakspere wrote the old.—p. 455.

xxii § 13. TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION. § 14. THANKS TO MR. DANIEL.

Greene; the less by Marlowe, whose style is specially recognizable in Act. II. sc. ii. and iii.; while Peele probably wrote the couplets of IV. v., vi., vii.: their pathos¹ is his.

13. All Shakspere students will admit that Grant White has a strong case, and argues it well. But there are two sides to every question; and on this one, Miss Jane Lee and others of us have since taken the other side. Her argument is in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, p. 219—311, and I shall use it in my Forewords to our Facsimile of *The True Tragedy*, Qo. 1, 1595.

14. I thank my friend and helper Mr. P. A. Daniel for his kindness in copying out all the extracts used in the foregoing pages, for abstracting part of Grant White's argument, and for lending me his copies of Qo. 1 collated with Qo. 3, to compile the following List from. To the authorities of the Bodleian Library for allowing Mr. Praetorius to fotograf their unique copy of the play, I am also grateful.

*Freeford House, Tamworth Road, Lichfield; Aug. 1889.
and 3 St. George's Sq., London, N.W., 14 Nov. 1889.*

¹ Is 'pathos' a misprint for 'bathos'?—P. A. Daniel.

CORRECTIONS.

- p. 23, l. 2 (or 166), for the read she
p. 39, l. 5. That is The altered in ink to That
p. 43, l. 2, for tills, read this: the foto shows that the original has been altered
in ink.
p. 54, at side; for IV. xi, read IV. ix

COLLATION OF QUARTOS 1 & 3 OF *THE CONTENTION*,
FROM MR. P. A. DANIEL'S MARKT COPY.

[*The italics, long s, &c. of the originals are often not reproduced.*]

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. i. l. 8	then the	twenty
" l. 45	30	thirty day
" l. 52	Vnckle of <i>Winchester</i> , I	My Lord of Yorke, I pray do
	pray	
" l. 53	<i>Cardinall</i>	<i>Yorke</i>
" l. 63	all for	for all
" l. 75	spent	spent quite
" l. 88	Lord	Lords
" l. 97	well you	you well
" l. 119	Ruffin . . of	Ruffian . . of the
" l. 184	graffle	grapple
sc. ii. l. 5	not thou	thou not
" l. 11	no	none
" l. 17	two	twaine, by whom I cannot gesse: But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes God knowes
" l. 18	the Cardinall of <i>VVin- chester</i>	Edmund Duke of Somerset
" l. 22	th'	the
" l. 36	keepe	keepe it
" ll. 38-9	<i>St. Dir.</i> Enters	Enter
" l. 43	vs vs	vs
" ll. 44-6	But ere it be long, Ile go before them all, Despight	As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde: Were I a man, and Protector as he is, Id reach to th' Crowne, or make some hop headlesse, And being but a woman, ile not be- hindre For playing of my part, in spite
" l. 54	<i>Ely</i>	<i>Rye</i>
" l. 63	they may	may they
sc. iii. l. 1	let vs	lets
" l. 21	vnto	to
" l. 33	this	this thing
" l. 34	what	what's
" l. 51	nor	to
" l. 54	takes	take
" l. 64	to	into
" l. 71	wonne	one
" l. 74	thinke	thinkes
" l. 88	ouer	ore
" l. 90	that thou waft	thou waft a
" l. 112	Maiestie	worship
" l. 113	Cod	God
" l. 116	my Lord	master
" l. 120	Maiestie	worship
" l. 126	Which shall be on the	(omitted)
	thirtith of this month	

	Qo. I	Qo. 3
sc. iii. l. 130	to	for to
" 1. 145	vvert . . . to	vvert . . . too
" 1. 155	ouer	ore
sc. iv. l. 25	awayt	awaites
" 1. 34	Stykes	Stix
" 1. 37	Sonnes	Zounds
sc. v. l. 9	done	do
" 1. 10	He knowes his maister loues to be aloft	They know their master sores a Faul- cons pitch
" 1. 11	it is	it's
" 1. 12	can sore . . . Falkons pitch	sores . . . bird can sore
" 1. 18	common-	Gommon-
" 1. 20	doate	do't
" 1. 23	it	't
" 1. 33	darest	dar'st
" 1. 47	Faith	Gods mother
" 1. 53	his	the
" 1. 58	<i>Humphrey</i>	[left out]
" 1. 59	sir	please your Maiesty
" 1. 63	art thou	are
" ll. 67, 70	Wart	Wert
" 1. 80	Why red	Red
sc. vi. l. 11	Edmund of Langley	William of Hatfield
" 1. 12	Duke of Yorke	Who dyed young.
" 1. 16	Roger Mortemor, Earle of March	Edmund of Langley Duke of York. [See l. 22 in Qo. I.]
" ll. 17-18	sir Thomas of Wood- stocke. William of Winsore vvas the seuenth and last.	William of Windsore, Whodyed young. The seauenenth and last was Sir Thomas of Woodstocke, Duke of York.
" 1. 19	he died . . . and left	dyed . . . leauing
" 1. 20	Richard that afterwvards vvas King, Crovvnde	two sonnes, Edward borne at Ango- lesme, who died young, and Richard that was after crowned King
" 1. 21	and he	who
" 1. 22	Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him tvo daughters, Anne and Elinor.	[left out here: but see l. 16 above]
" 1. 24-5	behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that vvas after . . . my father, and	him one only daughter named Phillip, who was . . . Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Ulster: and so
" 1. 27	the third . . . In the	third . . . the
" 1. 36	done	putte
" 1. 42	What plaine	What
sc. vii. ll. 3, 4	States . . . crimes	State . . . crime
" 1. 33	my	this my
" 1. 48	affeard	affraid
" 1. 70	and Peter	Peter
sc. viii. l. 27	Then	The
" 1. 45	ouer	ore
" 1. 51	can	canst

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. viii. l.	55 is sodeine	is — —
"	60 Standly	Stanly
"	72 Closter	Gloster
sc. ix. St. Dir.	l. 2 and the	the
"	l. 4 that	the
"	l. 8 And	yet
"	l. 11 And . . . grace	[left out]
"	l. 17 it	it
"	l. 42 am I	I am
"	l. 45 By	Through
"	l. 47 helpe me	me helpe
"	l. 87 be well	be
"	l. 90 ignomious	ignominious
"	l. 92 I but	But
"	l. 125 No.	Yorke. No
"	l. 138 very	[left out]
"	l. 140 And . . . goe	[Put in its right place, as l. 137]
"	l. 156 fortune against	fortunes 'gainst
"	l. 163 I wil	I'le
"	between l. 176 and 177 [not in]	
sc. x.	l. 12 against	(For he is like him euery kinde of way) against
"	l. 17 Gloster is	of Glossters
"	l. 28 silly	[left out]
"	l. 32 you	y
"	l. 68 twas	tis
"	l. 70 you	ye
"	l. 78 your	his
"	l. 81 But . . . [?] case	Yet . . . ease
"	l. 105 means	meantst
"	l. 108 thy soule	thee downe
p. 39, l.	3 Salbury	Salisbury
[sc. x.]	l. 117 'That' is alterd from	'The' of the original.]
"	l. 132 louing	kinde
"	l. 151 leaue fast	leane fac'd
"	l. 162 scribe-oules	scritch-owles
"	l. 188 sometime	sometimes
"	l. 200 could I, could I	could I
"	l. 203 thy	my
sc. xi.	l. 8 strong	[left out]
"	ll. 15-16 St. Dir.	The Cardinall
"	l. 21 be	[left out]
sc. xii.	l. 15 Water	Walter
sc. xiii.	l. 11 aperne	apron
"	l. 12 more	else
"	l. 17 all be	be al
"	l. 25 Nicke	Dicke
"	l. 26 Brases	Lacies
"	l. 27 VVill	Nicke
"	l. 31 for	[left out]
"	l. 32 for . . . no	because . . . no other
"	l. 43 and if	if
"	l. 47 comes	come
"	l. 58 Sonnes	Zounds
"	ll. 60, 61 you . . . tell you	ye . . . tell ye
"	l. 62 oth	ore the

	Qo. 1	Qo. 3
sc. xiii. l. 63	you	ye
" l. 66	true	truly
" l. 68	hes . . penny-	he has . . pen and
p. 47, first <i>St. Dir.</i> before l. 79.	'He Knights Dicke Butcher.'	'He put after l. 80, as 'He Knights him.'
sc. xiii. l. 85	but	[left out]
" l. 100	twas	was
" l. 102	testifie	testifie it
sc. xiv. <i>St. Dir.</i> Alarums . . and Sir . . is		Alarmes . . where Sir . . are both
" l. 1	valianly	valianly
" l. 4	.Thou	, and thou
" l. 5	for to	and to
sc. xv. l. 5	<i>Keade.</i> Yet . . one	Yet . . once
sc. xvi. <i>St. Dir.</i> Lord		Sord
" "	Enter three or foure Citizens below	[left out]
" l. 11	I will	will I
sc. xviii. l. 1	some	[left out]
" l. 2	of the	of
" l. 12	should parchment	parchment should
" l. 20	go with me, and	[left out]
" l. 34	that . . . of	this . . . of the
" l. 53	I lost not	nor lost I
" l. 56	head, as who	head at vs, as who wouldest
" l. 70	squench	quench
" l. 76	and and	and
" l. 80	hees	he is
" l. 81	of his	on 's
" l. 82	cut;	and cut
" l. 88	this	these
" l. 106	a word	[left out]
" l. 115	want	wants
" l. 118	and	and then
sc. xix. l. 5	be it	be
" l. 16	by that	by these
sc. xx. <i>St. Dir.</i> maister		M.
" l. 8	Astridge	Estridge
" l. 16	and I	if I
" l. 18	neuer shall . . . doth stand	shall neuer . . . stands
" l. 21	combat	combat with
" l. 24	beseech God . . maist	would . . . mightst
" l. 32	it	this
sc. xxi. l. 8	Messenger	Mffenger
" l. 25	but so	then so
" l. 60	sir	[left out]
" l. 86	Yorke.	King.
p. 59, <i>First St. Dir.</i> l. 2, other		other doore
sc. xxi. l. 125	renowned	renowned
sc. xxii. l. 1	breathe thy last	tumble in thy blood
" l. 44	may I	I may
" l. 66	a Parliament	up a Parliament
sc. xxiii. <i>St. Dir.</i> Yorke.		<i>Yorke, Edward,</i>
" l. 14	sprited	spirited
" l. 28	eterniz'd	eterniz'd

**THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY IN THEIR ORDER
OF ONCOMING.**

King HENRY the SIXT, Sc. i, p. 3 ; Sc. iii, p. 13 ; Sc. v, p. 18 ; Sc. vii, p. 25 ; Sc. ix, p. 30 ; Sc. x, p. 35 ; Sc. xi, p. 42 ; Sc. xv, p. 49 ; Sc. xix, p. 54 ; Sc. xxi, p. 57.
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 The Earle of WARWICKE, Sc. i, p. 3 ; Sc. vi, p. 23 ; Sc. vii, p. 25 ; Sc. ix, p. 30 ; Sc. x, p. 36 ; (with *Drumme* and *Souldiers*) Sc. xxi, p. 59 ; Sc. xxii, p. 59 ; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
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 PETER THUMP, the *Armourers* man, Sc. iii, p. 11, 14 ; Sc. vii, p. 26.
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 SANDER, the *Poore Man* that had bene blind, Sc. v, p. 19.
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 3 Neighbours of HORNOR the *Armourer*, Sc. vii, p. 26.

- The *Armourer's Drum*, Sc. vii, p. 26.
 Peter Thump's *Drum*, Sc. vii, p. 26.
 ROBIN, WILL, TOM, 3 *Prentises*, friends of Peter Thump, Sc. vii, p. 26 (? as Rebels, Sc. xiii, p. 45).
Servingenen of Duke Humphrey, Sc. viii, p. 27.
The Sheriffes of London, Sc. viii, p. 27.
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- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
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| John Mortemer, Sc. xiii, p. 47; | MATHEW GOFFE (p. 50). |
| with Eyden, Sc. xx, p. 55. His | NICKE. |
| head, Sc. xxi, p. 57. | HARRY. |
| GEORGE (p. 51). | TOM, p. 46. |
| DICKE the Butcher, Sir Dicke Butcher, | GREGORY, & the Rest. |
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- EMANUELL, the *Clarke of Chattam*, Sc. xiii, p. 46.
 Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, & his Brother, Sc. xiii, p. 47; Sc. xiv, p. 48.
His Drumme and Souldiers, Sc. xiii, p. 47.
 Lord SAY, Sc. xv, p. 49; Sc. xviii, p. 51. His head and Sir IAMES CROMERS, Sc. xviii, p. 53.
 Lord SKAYLES, Sc. xvi, p. 49.
 3 or 4 *Citizens of London*, Sc. xvi, p. 49.
 A *Sargiant*, Sc. xviii, p. 52.
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 Crook-backe RICHARD, the Duke of *Yorke's sonne*, Sc. xxi, p. 58; Sc. xxii, p. 59, 61; Sc. xxiii, p. 62.
 Young CLIFFORD, Sc. xxi, p. 58; Sc. xxii, p. 61.
Attendants on all the Nobles in every Scene they are in.

T H E
First part of the Con-
tention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke
and Lancaster, with the death of the good
Duke Humphrey:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of
Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall
of Winchester, vwith the notable Rebellion
of Iacke Cade:

*And the Duke of Yorke first claime unto the
Cronne.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

I 594.



THE FIRST PART OF THE CON-
TENTION OF THE TWO FAMOUS
Houses of Yorke & Lancaster, with the death of
the good Duke Humphrey.

Sc.i.

2 Hen. VI.
I.i

*Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Duke of
Gloster, the Duke of Sommerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Car-
ainall Bewford, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of
Suffolle, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and
Warwicke.*

Suffolke.



S by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator for your excellency,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Cite *Towres*,
In presence of the Kings of *France & Cyffile*,
The Dukes of *Orleance, Calabar, Brittaine*; and *Alonsen*.
Seven Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reverend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espouseide,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of *England* and her royll Peeres,
Deliver vp my title in the *Queene*,
Vnto your gratioues excellency, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent :
The happiest gift that euer Marquelle gaue,

2

The

16+

*The first part of the contention of the two famous
The fairest Queene that euer King posset.
King. Suffolke arise.*

16

20

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kisse: Oh gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart replet with thankfulness,
For in this beautious face thou haft bestowde
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

20

24

Queene. Th'excessive loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Leaft I should speake more then becomes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
Vnkleſſe the frowne of mightie Englands King.

24

28*

Kin. Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene Margaret fit down by my side:
And vnkle Gloster and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.
All. Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.
Queene. We thanke you all.

28

Sound Trumpets.

40+

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirme of peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King *Charles*,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

36

44

Humphrey. *Imprimis,* It is agreed betweene the French King *Charles*, and *William de la Poule*, Marquesse of *Suffolke*, Embassador for *Henry* King of England, that the said *Henry* shal wed and espouse the Ladie *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Naples*, *Cyssels*, and *Jerusalem*, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the 30 of the next month.

40

48+

Item. It is further agreed betwene them, that the Dutches of *Annoy* and of *Maine*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

44

52+

Duke Humphrey lets it fall.
Kin. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.
Humphrey.

48

Sc.i.

5.
2 Hen.VI.

I.i.

Houes, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Humpb. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

52 Vnkle of Winchesteſ, I pray you reade on.

Cardinal. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the
Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliuered
ouer to the King her father, & ſhe ſent ouer of the King
of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

King. They pleafe vs well, Lord Marquſe le kneele downe, We
here create thee firſt Duke of Suffolle, & girt thee with the
ſword. Cofin of Yorke, We here diſcharge your grace from
being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months
be full expirde.

Thankes vnkle Winchesteſ, Gloſter, Yorke, and Buckinghaſton, So-
mertiſt, Salſbury and Warricke.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all ſpeed prouide
To ſee her Coronation be performde.

Exet King, Queene, and Suffolle, and Duke
Humphrey ſtaies all the reſt.

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the ſtate,
To you Duke Humphrey muſt vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother Henry toyle himſelfe,
And waste his ſubiects for to conqueare France?
And did my brother Bedford ſpend his time
To keepe in awe that stout vnruſhy Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnkle Bewford here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolle he, the new made Duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath giuen away for our King Henrys Queene,
The Duches of Anioy and Mayne unto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our ſtates,
Reuerſing Monuments of conquered France,
Vndoing all, as none had ne're bene done.

Card. Why how now cofin Gloſter, what needs this?

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+ 53-4

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+ 84

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+ 95

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+ 102

+ 102

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I.i.

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†142

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†146

The first part of the contention of the two famous

As if our King were bound vnto your will,
 And might not do his will without your leauue,
 Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
 The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
 That dares presume agaist that thy Soueraigne likes.

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
 But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:
 But ile begone, and giue thee leauue to speake,
 Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
 I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

Exet Duke Humphrey.

147

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162

+ III.i.

645

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Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
 My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
 And though he be Protector of the land,
 And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
 For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
 The common people swarne about him straight,
 Crying Iesu blesse your roiall exellence,
 With God preserue the good Duke *Humphrey*.
 And many things besides that are not knowne,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.
 But I will after him, and if I can
 Ile laie a plot to heave him from his seate.

Exet Cardinall.

†174

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Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,
 Weele watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinall too,
 And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somerset. Thanks cosin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
 And both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
 Weele quickly heave Duke *Humphrey* from his seate.
Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
 For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exet Buckingham and Somerset.

†180

+

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
 Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,

84

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115

My

7.
2 Hen. VI.
I.i.

Sc. i.

	<i>Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.</i>	
116.	My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good, Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall Sweare, and forswere himselfe, and braue it out, More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.	+ 182
120.	Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne, In Ireland, Normandie, and in France, Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.	+ 185
124.	And thou braue <i>VV</i> arwicke, my thrice valiant sonne, Thy simple plaineſſe and thy house-keeping Hath wonne thee credit amonſt the common ſort, The reuerence of mine age, and <i>Nevells</i> name, Is of no little force if I command,	+ 189
128.	Then let vs ioyn all three in one for this, That good Duke <i>Humphrey</i> may his ſtate poſſeſſe, But wherefore weepes <i>Warricke</i> my noble ſonne.	+ 186, 189
	<i>VVarw.</i> For griefe that all is loſt that <i>VV</i> erwick won,	+ 191
132.	Sonnes. <i>Anjou</i> and <i>Maine</i> , both giuen away at once, Why <i>VV</i> arwicke did win them, & muſt that then which we wonne with our ſwords, be giuen away with wordes.	+ 193, 198
136.	<i>Yorke.</i> As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King <i>Henry</i> giues away his owne.	+ 191
	<i>Salf.</i> Come ſonnes away and looke vnto the maine.	+ 192
140.	<i>VVarw.</i> Vnto the <i>Maine</i> , Oh father <i>Maine</i> is loſt, Which <i>VV</i> arwicke by maine force did win from <i>France</i> , Maine chance father you meant, but I meant <i>Maine</i> , Which I will win from <i>France</i> , or elſe be ſlaine.	+ 193
	<i>Exet Salsbury</i> and <i>Warricke</i> .	+ 115
144.	<i>Yorke.</i> <i>Anjou</i> and <i>Maine</i> , both giuen vnto the French, Cold newes for me, for I had hope of <i>France</i> , Euen as I haue of fertill England.	+ 116
	A day will come when <i>Yorke</i> ſhall claime his owne,	+ 119
148.	And therefore I will take the <i>Nevells</i> parts, And make a ſhow of loue to proud Duke <i>Humphrey</i> : And vwhen I ſpic aduantage, claime the Crovvne, For that the golden marke I ſeeke to hit:	+ 125
		+ 126
		+ 205
		206
		+ 207
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		210
		233
		236
		240
	Nor	

I.i.

241

The first part of the contention of the two famous
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor ware the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne:
Then Yorke be still a vvhile till time do serue,
Watch thou, and vwake vwhen others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in royes of loue,
With his nevv bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And Humphrey vwith the Peeres be faine at iarres,
Then vwill I raise aloft the milke-vvhite Rose,
With vvhose syvete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To graffe vvhith the House of Lancaster:
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whos bookish rule hath puld faire England dovvne.

Sc. i.

152

156

160

164.

Exet Yorke.

I.ii.

Enter Duke *Humphrey*, and Dame *Eleanor*,
Cobham his vwife.

Sc. ii.

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†11,12

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†24

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Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at Cearies plentious loade,
*What feest thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crowne?*
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnkle to the King, and his Protector?
Then vwhat shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.

Humpb. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons againt my soueraigne Lord,
But I vvas troubled vwith a dreame to night,

And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Elnor. What dreempt my Lord. Good *Humphrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it, and vwhen thats done,
He tell thee then, vwhat I did dreame to night.

Humphrey. This night vwhen I vvas laid in bed, I dreamped that
this

Sc. ii.

9.
2 Hen. VI.
I. ii.*Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.*

This my stiffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *Vinchester*,
And *William de la Poule* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of *Glosters* groue,
Shall for th'offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedral Church
At Westminister, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

Humphrey. Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor How now my Lord. What angry with your *Nell*,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Humphrey. Nay *Nell*, Ile give no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. And it please your grace, the King and Queene to
morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones,
and craues your company along with them.

Humphrey. With all my heart, I will attend his grace :
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

Exet Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

B

Enter

*The first part of the contention of the two famous**Enter sir John Hum.*

+68 What sir *John Hum*, what newes with you?

48

+70 Sir *John*. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

+71 *Elnor*. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

+72 Sir *John*. I, but by the grace of God & *Hums* aduise,

+ Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

52

+73 *Elnor*. What haft thou conferd with *Margery Jordaine*, the
cunning Witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullingbroke* and the
rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

•

+74 Sir *John*. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise
a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your
grace all questiuns you demaund.

56

+75 * *Elnor*. Thanks good sir *John*. Some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard hecre,
There caft their Spelles in silencie of the night,
And so resolute vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farewell.

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Exet Elnor.

+76 Sir *John*. Now sir *John Hum*, No words but mun.

68

+77 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,

+78 These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,

+79 The Duches she thinks now that all is well,

+80 But I haue gold comes from another place,

+81 From one that hyred me to set her on,

+82 To plot these Treasons aginst the King and Peeres,

+83 And that is the mightie Duke of *Suffolke*.

+84 For he it is, but I must not say so,

+85 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,

+86 Who now by Cunurations thinkes to rise.

+87 But whist sir *John*, no more of that I trow,

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For

Sc. ii.

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Housos, of Yorke and Lancaster.
For feare you lose your head before you goe.

Exet.

Sc. iii.

4

1. Peti. Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may shew his grace our seuerall causes.

2. Peti. I pray God saue the good Duke *Humphries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

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+4
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+7-8

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they
take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues
him their writings.

8

1. Peti. Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speake withall?

2. Peti. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors
Grace.

+9-10
+11-12
+14
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12. Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.

Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done?

+16-17
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+19
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16. 2. Peti. Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th'are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them.

Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, that's some iniury indeed.
But what say you?

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+22
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20. Peter *Tbump*. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said,
that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and
that the King was an vsurer.

+28-9
+30
+34-5

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldest say.

Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day
B a when

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11.
2 Hen. VI.
I. ii.

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I. iii.

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†36

*The first part of the contention of the two famous
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our
garret.*

Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the King.

Exet with the Armourers man.

+23 Now sir what yours? Let me see it,

Whats here?

+24 A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the com-
mons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue:-

+ Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a
Messenger for the whole town-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now shew your petitions to Duke *Humphrey*.
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

Exet Petitioners.

+45 *Queene.* My Lord of *Suffolke*, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded *Eleanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the *Queene*.
The other day she wanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.

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Itell

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

It tell thee *Poull*, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of *France*.

Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staic Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerset* on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elyor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall of *Vvinchester*.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *Yorke*, or *Somerset*, allis wonne to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let *Somerset* enjoy his place and go to *France*.

Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. VVhom soever you account worthie,
Yorke is the vvortheist.

Cardinall. Pease *Warwicke*. Give thy betters leaue to speake.

Warwicke. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.

Warwicke. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvere best that *Somerset* vvere Regent ouer *France*.

Humphrey. Madame our King is old inough himselfe,
To giue his ansvver vwithout your consent.

Queene. If he be old inough, what needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.

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† 193.4

† 198.9

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† 207.

*The first part of the contention of the two famous
Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.*

*Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,
As who is King but thee. The common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,
And as for the Regentship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke.*

*Torke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.*

*War. And yet the worthie deeds that Yorke hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.*

Suffolke. Peace headstrong VVarwicke.

VVar Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suffolke. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.*

Enter the Armourer and his man.

*If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accusd his maister of
high Treason, And his words were these.*

*That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and
that your grace was an usurper.*

*Torke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the
the law will afford, for his villany.*

King. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Armour. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I never said any such
matter, Cod is my vvitnessse, I am falsly accusd by this villain*

Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so. (here.

Torke. I beseech your grace, let him haue the lavy.

*Armour. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the vvords,
my accuser is my prentise, & vwhen I did correct him for his
fault the other day, he did voyv vpon his knees that he vvould
be euen vvith me, I haue good vvitnessse of this, and therefore
I beseech your Maiestie do not cast avvay an honest man for
a villainies accusation.*

King. Vnkle Gloster, vvhat do you thinke of this?

Humphrey.

Houses of York and Lancaster.

124 *Humphrey.* The lavy my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or vvrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With *Eben* staves, and *Standbags* combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

Exet Humphrey.

128 *Armour.* And I accept the Combat vvillingly.

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

132 *Suffolke.* You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to prison. *Exet vvith them.*

133 The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of
Gloster, a boxe on the eare.

135 *Queene.* Give me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see?
She strikes her.

136 I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

138 *Elnor.* Did you not proud French-vwoman,
Could I come neare your daintie vissage vvith my nayles,
Ide set my ten commandments in your face.

140 *King.* Be patient gentle Aunt.

It vvvas against her vvill.

142 *Elnor.* Against her vvill. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.

144 But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.

Exet Elnor.

146 *King.* Believe me my loue, thou vvert much to blame,
I vvould not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vncle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

148 But see vvhile he comes, I am glad he met her not.
Vnkle *Gloster*, vwhat ansvvere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France*,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

Humphrey.

+208

+210

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216

+217.

+222

+223

+141

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+144

+147-8

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I. iii.

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*The first part of the contention of the two famous
Humphrey.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe

152

King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraigne foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of True I thinke is full expirde.

156

Somerset. I humbly thanke your royll Maiestie,
And take my leauue to poste with speed to France.

160

Exet Somerset.

King. Come vrinkle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day.

164

Exet omnes.

168

I. iv. Enter Elnor, with sir John Ham, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,
and Margery Jourdasne a Witch.

Sc. iv.

Elnor. Here sir John, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir John. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

8

Witch. Then Roger Bullenbrooke about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the duuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

12

She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullen

†St. D.

†13

†14

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Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.

Bullen. Darke Night,dread Night,the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sofetus* lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
riseth vp.

Spirite. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do ?

Bullen. First of the King,what shall become of him ?

Spirite. The Duke yet liues that *Henry* shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke*.

Spirite. By water shall he die and take his ende.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset* ?

Spirite. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie
plaines,then where Castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more,for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say,vnto the damned poule.

Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.

Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,

The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuier Stykes,

There howle and burne for euer in those flames,

Rise *Jordaine* rise, and staie thy charming Spels.

Sonne,we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*,and the Duke of
Buckingham,and others.

Yorke. Come sirs,laie hands on them, and bind them fure,

This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there ?

This will be great credit for your husband,

That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,

The King shall haue notice of this thing.

Exet Elnor aboue.

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord,Ile shew it to the King.

+ 19

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+ 27

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+ 31

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34

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36

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+ 40

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+ 44

+ 45.6

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*

+ 46

+ 60

*

2 Hen VI.

I. iv.

† 53

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exet with them.

† 76

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

*

*

Torke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

82

Buck. Farewell my Lord.*Exet Buckingham.*

*

83

Torke. Whose within there?*Enter one.*

84

One. My Lord.

*

Torke. Sirha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to
sup with me to night.*Exet Yorke.*

52

II. i.*One.* I will my Lord.*Exet.*

*

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,
and Duke *Humphrey* and *Suffolke*, and the *Cardi-*
nall, as if they came from hawking.

† 3

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?

† 4

But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

† 7

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soulst the Partridge downe.

† 6

Suffolke. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

4

† 9

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

8

†

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

†

Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

•

† 17

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on
a Crown, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus
with King and common-wealth.

•

† 19

Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,
Church-men so hote. Good vncle can you doate.

•

20-1

Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

•

=

Humphrey.

20

+ 25-6

+ 27-8

Sc. iv

Sc. v

- Houses of Yorks and Lancaster.*
- 24 *Humphrey.* As how, my Lord?
Suffolke. As you, my Lord, And it like your Lordly
 Lords Protectorship.
- 25 *Humphrey.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.
Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.
King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious
 26 Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on
 earth.
- 27 *Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
 Against this proud Protector with my fword.
- 28 *Humphrey.* Faith holy vncle, I would it were come to that,
Cardinall. Euen when thou darest.
- 29 *Humphrey.* Dare. I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could never
 brooke the dare.
- 30 *Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to John of
 Gaunt.
- 31 *Humph.* In Baslardie.
- 32 *Cardin.* I scorne thy words.
- 33 *Humpb.* Make vp no factious numbers, but even in thine own
 person meeete me at the East end of the groue.
- 34 *Card.* Heres my hand, I wiff.
- 35 *King.* Why how now Lords?
- 36 *Card.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone,
 we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword
 and buckler.
- 37 *Humphrey.* Faith Priest, Ile shane your Crowne.
- 38 *Cardinall.* Protector, prote&t thy selfe well.
- 39 *King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.
 Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle,
- 40 How now, now firha, what miracle is it?
- 41 *One.* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde
 to S. Albones, and hath receiuied his sight at his shrine.
- 42 *King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorfie the Lord
 with him.
- 43 Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with
 Musick, bearing the man that had bene blind,
 betweene two in a chaire.
- 44 *King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall prafe,

II.i.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?

+ 32

Poore man. At Barwicke sir, in the North.

+ 33

Humph. At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.

*

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,

+ 90

That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

+ 91

Humphrey. What art thou lame too?

+

Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.

+ 95

Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?

+

Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.

+ 98

Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime pluntrees?

+

Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,

+ 99

My wife did long for plums.

+ 102

Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

*

Poore man. I truly sir.

*

Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

*

Humphrey. What art thou his mother?

+ 80

VVoman. His wife sir.

81

Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,

Thou couldst haue better told.

+ 106

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

+

Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

+ 108

Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

+ 110

Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.

*

Humphrey. And his cloake?

*

Poore man. Why that's greene.

*

Humphrey. And what colours his hose?

*

Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

+ 111

Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?

+

Poore man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.

+

King. Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.

114

Suffolke. And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.

+ 115

Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a

+ 117

But tell me sirra, whats my name?

(one.

120

Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.

121

Humphrey. Whats his name?

122

Poore man. I know not,

Humphrey. Nor his?

*

122

†124

128

132

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135

137

140-1

144

148-9

153

+158

*

*

Poore man. No truly sir,*Humphrey* Nor his name?*Poore man* No indeed maister,*Humphrey* Whats thine owne name?*Poore man.* Sander, and it please you maister.*Humphrey.* Then Sander sit there, the lyngest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest awell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but fodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.*Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could.*Humphrey.* My Maisters of saint Albones, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne, And things called whippes?*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.*Humph.* Then send for one presently.*Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight,
*Exet one.**Humph.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by. Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping, Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone, You go about to torture me in vain.*Humph.* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges. Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.*Poore man.* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand. After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*Hump.* Amiracle, amiracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt through every Market Towne til he comes at Barwick where he was borne.*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord.*Exet Mayor.**Suffolke*

2 Hen VI.

II. I. +161

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+163-4

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+165

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+169

+171

+172

+174

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II. IV. 60

* " 32

* " 33

* " 34

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* " 36

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* " 37-8

* " 39

* " 40

+178

+180

+

+182-3

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+192

*

+197

*The first part of the contention of the two famous**Suffolke. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.**Humph. I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole
Dukedomes flic in a day.**Witnelle France.**King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.**Enter the Duke of Buckingham.**What newes brings Duke Humphrey of Buckingham?**Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons against the King and Peeres,
By vichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisede,
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.**- King. First of the King, what shall become of him?**Reads. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.**Gods will be done in all.**What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?**By water shall he die and take his end.**Suffolke. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.**King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.**Card. Heres good stuffe, how novv my Lord Protector
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarfly keepe your promise,**Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,
And pardon me my gratiouse Soueraigne,
For here I svveare vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious vvife hath falsly done,
And for she vwould betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,*

Sc. v.

128

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152

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164

And

23.
2 Hen. VI.

II.i.

+193

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+200

+201

+203

*

+III. i. 141

Exet omnes.

S.C. vi
Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of
Salsbury and VVuarwicke.

II. ii.

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crovvne by liniall descent.

+1-2

+2-4

+4

+5

+7-8

VVar. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuis are thy subiects to command.

+

Yorke. Then thus my Lords.

+

Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first vvas Edvvard the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.

+

The second vvas Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.

+12

The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth vvas Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.

+13

The fifth vvas Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.

+

The sixt vvas sir Thomas of Woodstocke.

+14

William of Winsore vvas the seventh and last.

+49

Novv, Edvvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left
behinde him Richard, that aftervwards vvas King, Crovvnde by
the name of Richard the second, and he died vwithout an heire.
Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him tvvo
daughters, Anne and Elinor.

+16

+17

+18

+19

*20, 33

+15

+38

+50

+49

+50

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne,
and Elinor, that vvas after married to my father, and by her I
claime the Crovvne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke
of

The first part of the contention of the two famous

of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the
time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire
to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancanster fourth sonne to Edward
the third, he claunide the Crownc, deposde the Merthfull King, and
as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmelesse Richard was
shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of
Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

Salf. Saving your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne
of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and
but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so ever since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder shoulde succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*VV*arwick. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee
claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Ed-
ward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne.
So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not
yet, but florisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock.
Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate
place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long live Richard Englands royll King.

Torke. I thank you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil
this sword be sheathed eu'en in the hart blood of the house of Lan-
caster.

VVar. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the fane aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my minde presageth I shall liue
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see,
The Earle of Warwicke live, to be the greatest man in England,

Sc. vi.

25.

2 Hen. VI.

II. ii.

Houses of York and Lancaster.

but the King. Come lets goe.

Experiments.

| +82

Sc. vii.

二三

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, Duke Humphrey, the Duke of Suffolk, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinall, and Dame Elynor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.

King. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster,
and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons,
that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes , with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man , there to ende thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exeſome with Elnor.

King. Greeue not noble vncle, but be thou glad,
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gratiouſe *Henry*, giue me leauue awhile,
To leauue your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, *Humphrey* resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

*Hump. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
As erft thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feete I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,*

D

May

The first part of the contention of the two famons

38

+ 26

+ 26-7

+ 27

+ 43

+ 44

+ 47-8

+ 48

+ 50

+ 49

+ 55

May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,

No leſſe beloued of vs, then when

Thou weart Protector ouer my land.

*Exet Gloster.**Quoene.* Take vp the ſtaffe, for here it ought to stand,

Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?

Torke. Please it your Maieſtie, this is the day

That was appointed for the combating

Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,

And they are readie when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

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62-3

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68-9

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72

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74

75-6

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83

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking
to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum
before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſand-bag fastened to it, and
at the other doore, his man with a drum and ſand-bagge, and
Prentifes drinking to him.1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of
And feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well inough. (Sacke.)2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double becre, neighbor drinke
And be merry, and feare not your man.*Armourer.* Let it come, y faith ile pledge you all,
And a fygge for Peter.1. *Prentife.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affard.2. *Prem.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.3. *Prem.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maiftre, fight for credit of the Prentifes.*Peter.* I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou ſhalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.O Lord blesſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with
my maiftre, he hath learnt ſo much fence alreadie.*Salb.* Come leauue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirra, what's thy name?*Petr.* Peter forſooth.*Salbury.* Peter, what more?*Peter.*

27.
2 Hen. VI.
III. ii.

Housles, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Peter. Thumpe.

Salsbury. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter aknaue, and so haue at you Peter with down right blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fense alreadie.

Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

Armour. Hold Peter, I confess, T reason, treason. He dies.

Peter. O God I give thee praise.

He kneeleth downe.

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God sauе the King.

King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,

And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfullly.

Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.

Exet omnis.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in
mourning cloakes.

Humph. Sirra, whats a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.

Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame Ebor Cobbe bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sherifffes of London, and Sir Iohn Standly, and Officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gratiouse Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weeke take her from the Sherifffes?

D 2

Humphrey

84
+ 85-6
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+ 87
+ 88-9
+ 88, 92
+ 93 *
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+ 96-7
+ 100
+ 101
102
105
108

II. iv.

+ 5
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+ 6
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+ 8
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+ 17

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† 64

† 66

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† 50

151

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† 54

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Humph. I charge you for your lines stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they shoulde.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief.
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and lyue.
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Humphrey. My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I shoulde incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest.
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,

And

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

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And flic thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parliament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

Humphrey. A Parliament and our consent neuer craude Therein before. This is fodeine.

Well, we will be there.

Exet. Herald.

Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extenes.

Sheriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end, And I must deliuere her to sir John Standly, To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

Humphrey. Must you sir John conduct my Lady?

Standly. I my gratiouse Lord, for so it is decreede, And I am so commandedy by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir John, vse her neare the worse, In that I intreat you to vse her well.

The world may smile againe and I may liue, To do you fauour if you do it her, And so sir John farewell.

Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewell.

Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

Exet Humphrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Closter gone, And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too? Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes, Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

Standly. Madam lets go vnto some house hereby, Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

Elnor. Ah good sir John, my shame cannot be hid, Nor put away with casting off my sheete: But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell, Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldest.

Exet omnes.

Enter to the Parliament.
Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the

D 3

Duke

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of VVinchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of VVarwicke.

+ 1 King. I wonder our vnkle Gloster staines so long.
 + 4 Queene. Can you not see, or will you not perceue,
 + 6 How that ambitious Duke doth vfe himselfe?
 + 9 The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
 * That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
 + 13 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
 + 14 When every one will giue the time of day,
 * And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
 + 28 See you not how the Commons follow him
 * In troupes, crying, God sauе the good Duke Humphrey,
 * And with long life, Iefus preserue his grace,
 * Honouring him as if he were their King.
 + 20 Gloster is no little man in England,
 + 29 And if he list to stir commotions,
 + 30 Tys likely that the people will follow him.
 + 34 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
 + 36 Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.
 + 39 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 + 40 Disproue my Alliggations if you can,
 * And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,
 * I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
 + 42 Suffol. Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
 + And if I had bene licent to speake,
 + 44 I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
 + 53 Smooth runs the brooke whereas the stremme is deepest.
 + 56 No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
 + 57 Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

83 King. Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?
 * Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
 + 84 That all your holds and Townes within those Territores
 Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

King.

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

† 86

32. *King.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,
But Gods will be done.

87

Torke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

† 88

Enter Duke Humphrey.

† 89

36. *Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

† 90

Suffol. Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

96

40. *Humph.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

†

44. *Tor.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.

† 99

• *Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?

† 103

48. So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England still,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.

†

52. I neuer rob'd the soldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

† 108

56. *Car.* In your Protectorship you did devise
Strange torments for offendours, by which meanes
England hath bene defarnde by tyrannie.

† 110

60. *Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

† 111

64. *Suffolk.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

† 112

68. *King.* Good vnkle obey to his arrest,

† 114

I haue

121

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125

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128-9

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129

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131-2

†

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134

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136

†

†

The first part of the contention of the two famous

I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience telles me thou art innocent.

Hump. Ah gratiouse Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henryes sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their lynes destruction.
Suffolkes hauful tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords firie eyes shewes his eniuious minde,
Buckinghamhs proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whose ouerweening arme / haue held backe.

All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:
And you my gratiouse Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesles inough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

Suffolke. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignomious wrong,
Had sobernde or hired some to sweare against his life.

Queene. I but I can giue the loser leue to speake.
Hump. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
Beshroyv the vwinners hearts, they plaie me false.

Buck. Hele vvest the fence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent avway.

Car. Who's vwithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey:
And see him garded sure vwithin my house.

Hump. O! thus King Henry castis avway his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his vvatchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst vvolumes stand snarring vwho shall bite him first.
Farvwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy,
Thy fathers happy daies free from annoy.

Exet Humphrey, vwith the Cardinals men.

King. My Lords what to your vvisdoms shal seem best,

Do

+196

Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

+198

Queen. What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

+221

*King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieve,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.*

+222

Exet King, Salsbury, and VVawicke.

*

*Queene. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.*

*

Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.

*

*In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and Common-wealthe.*

+232

*(21)

*Suffolke. And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,*

+252

*Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he works,*

*

*To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lambe,*

+260

*But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should liue.*

*

*No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
Least that in living he offend vs more.*

*

*Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.*

257

*

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.

+244

Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*(240)

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*

Enter a Messenger.

*

Queene. How now firrha, what newes?

+

*Messen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.*

+282

+282-3

Queene. What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?

*

*Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.*

*

*

+289

+

+291

E

To

The first part of the contention of the two famous

- To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France. 141
Somer. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I. 142
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before
That France should haue revolted from Englands rule. 143
Somer. I so thou mightst, and yet haue gouernd worse then I. 144
Yorke. What worse then nought, then a shame take all. 145
Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.
Queene. Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell. 152
Yorke. Well Madame sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes. 153
Queene. Yorke thou shalt My Lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffise him in these needfull warres. 156
Buck. Madame I will, and leauie such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee? 160
Yorke. At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.
Buc. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.
Exet Buckingham.
Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.
Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
Twere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde. 168
Exet omnis, Manit Yorke.
York. Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldest, thou canst it not attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue sedusite a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford. 175

Vnder

H onses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

176 Vnder the title of John Mortemer,
 To raise commotion, and by that meanes
 I shall perceiue how the common people
 Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
 Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
 From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
 To reapre the haruest which that coystrill sowed,
 Now if he should be taken and condemnd,
 Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
 And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
 To put in practise and to gather head,
 That so soone as I am gone he may begin
 To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,
 To helpe him to perforne this enterprise.
 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
 None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe

359

†358

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*(379)

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382

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Exet Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is discouered
 in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him
 in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

†6

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†11

†10

*

†11

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†9

Suffolk. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Suffolke. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
 That when the King comes, he may perceiue
 No other, but that he dide of his owne accord

2. All things is hanosome now my Lord.

Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
 And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exet murtherers.

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and
 the Duke of *Somerſet*, and the Cardinall.

†5

+

+

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle *Gloster*,

Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe,

Suffolke. I will my Lord.

Exet Suffolke.

(Gloster)

King. And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle.

Then

†19-20

+21
+III. i. 11
+III. i. 69-70

The first part of the contention of the two famons

Then by iust prooфе you can affirme,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesſe lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter *Suffolke*.

+28 How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

The King falleſ in a ſound.

Queen. Ay-me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.

Suffolke. Comfort my Lord, gratiouſe Henry comfort.

Kin. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

Came he even now to ſing a Rauens note,

And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voice,

Can ſatisfie my griefes, or eafe my heart:

Thou balefull messenger out of my fight,

For even in thine eye-bals murther ſits,

Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske

And kill the ſilly gazer with thy lookeſ.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſde Duke Humphreys death?

The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,

And you had beſt ſay that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Gloſters death.

Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,

What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathſome leoper looke on me,

Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,

And thrife by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds.

What might it bode, but that well foretelling

Winds, ſaid, ſeeke not a ſcorpions neaſt.

Enter the Earles of *Warwicke* and *Salisbury*.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie huue of bees,

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they ſting,

For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report

To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,

But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good

15

16

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24

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44

47

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.
Salb. I will sonne. *Exet Salbury.*

*VV*arwicke drawes the curtaines and shewes Duke
Humphrey in his bed.

King. Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.
 Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thouart gone.

VVar. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,
 To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
 I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
 Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

Suffolk. A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,
 What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

VVar. Oft haue I scene a timely parted ghost,
 Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
 But loe the blood is settled in his face,
 More better coloured then when he liu'd,
 His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
 His fingers spred abroad as one that graft for life,
 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
 It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
 And they / trust sir, are no murtherers.

VVar. I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
 And tis well scene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

VVar. Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees her by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who findes the partridge in the purtucks neast,
 But will imagine how the bird came there,
 Although the kyte soare with vnblodie beake?
 Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
 Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?

Suffolke. I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
 But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,
 That shall be scourd in his rankorous heart,
 That flanders me with murthers crimson badge,

2 Hen.VI.
III. ii.

Sc.x.

The first part of the contention of the twe famous

+201 Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
+ That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreyes death.

Exet Cardinal.

204 *VVar.* What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?

Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

+208 *VVar.* Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is flauder to your royll Maiestie.

+212 *Suffolke.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

216 *VVar.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees.

+220 Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
+ And say it was thy mother that thou meant,
+ That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
+ And after all this fearefull homage done,
• Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

+228 *Suffol.* Thou shouldest be waking whilst I shead thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

229 *VVar.* Away eu'en now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exet Warwicke and *Suffolke*, and then all the Commons
within, cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*.
And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *VVar-*
wicke, with their weapons drawne.

237 *King.* Why how now Lords?

240 *Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
241 Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i

The

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of Salsbury.

Salsbury. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolish'd hinds
Would send such messegae to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be employd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King,

The Commons cries, an answere from the King,
my Lord of Salsbury.

King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

Exet Salsbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*Exet King and Warwicke, Manet Queene
and Suffolke.*

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,

Fie

+ 243

+

+ 246

248

+ 249

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*(253)

+ 271

+ 274

+ 277

+ 277

+ 279

+

+

+ 283-5

+ 287

+ 288

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290

+ 291

+ 293-4

+ 298

+ 300

303

The first part of the contention of the two famoues

Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,

I would inuent as many bitter termes

Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,

With twise so many signes of deadly hate,

As leauie fast enuy in her loathsome caue,

My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,

And every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,

And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,

Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.

Their sweetest shadē a groue of sypris trees.

Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.

Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.

And boding srike-oules make the consort full.

All the foule terrors in darke seated hell. (selfe.)

Queene. Enough sweete Suffolke, thou tormentis thy

Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?

Now by this ground that I am banisht from,

Well could I curse away a winters night,

And standing naked on a mountaine top,

Where byting cold would never let grasse grow,

And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene. No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,

Or liue where thou wilt vwithin this vvorlodes globe,

Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,

And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,

Or venture to be banished my selfe.

Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,

That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.

Avvay, I say, that I may feele my grieve,

For it is nothing vwhilst thou standest here.

Suffolke. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,

Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

Enter *Warfe.*

Queene.

Housas, of York and Lancaster.

Queene. Hovv novv, vvhither goes Vavse so fast?

Vavse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,
Sometimes he calis vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And vvhispers to his pillowv as to him,
And sometime he calleth to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That cuen novv he cald aloude for him.

Queene. Go then good Vavse and certifie the King.

Exet Vavse.

+367

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+373

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+374

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+

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+379

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+381

+386, 405

+386-7

+

+389-90

184
188
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200
204
208
212
216

Oh vwhat is vworldly pompe, all men must die,
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende,
But vvhyn mourne I for him, vvhilst thou art here?
Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Soff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?

Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,
That dies vwith mothers dugge betvveene his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or vwith thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That / might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in svveete Elyziam,
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,
O let me staie, besfall, vvhat may besfall.

Queen. Oh mightst thou staie vwith safetie of thy life,
Then shouldest thou staie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

Soff. I goe.

Queene. And take my heart vwith thee.

She killeth him.

Soff. A ievvell lockt into the vvofulst caske,
That cuen yet containde a thing of vvoorth,

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+395

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+400

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Thus

2 Hen. VI.

III. ii.

+411

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.

This way fall I to death.

*Exet Suffolke.**Queene.* This way for me.*Exet Queene.*III. iii.

†2, 4

†2, 3

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+ 9

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+17, 18

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+15

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+ 24

+ 27

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Enter King and *Salisbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare, Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.*King.* Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled, Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no:

Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh see where duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,

So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse, Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Salb. So bad an ende did never none behold,

But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good *Salsbury* forbeare,

For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

*Exet omnes.*IV. i.

† 8

*

+ 12

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld, Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship, Here Maister, this prisoner I give to you.

This

Sc. x.

218

220

Sc. xi.

4

8.

12

16

20

Sc. xii.

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

43.

2 Hen. VI.

IV. i.

4 This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
 • And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue tills man,
 8 And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.

Suffolke. Water! He starteth.

Water. How now, what doest feare me?
 Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
 I do remember well, a cunning Wyllard told me,
 That by Water I should die:
 Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
 Thy name being rightly sounded,
 Is Gualter, not Water.

VVater. Gualter or Water, als one to me,
 I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
 Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.

VVater. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
 And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
 Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?

Mai. A hundredth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.

2. *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

VVater. Come firrha, thy life shall be the ransome
 I will haue.

Suff. Staile villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
 The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
 Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?

Cap. I but Ioue was never slaine as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base Ladie groome, King Henries blood
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
 I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
 I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
 And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.

+15

+14

+10

*

+32

+118

+33

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+36

+

+

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+38

+116

+29

+30

+25

+44

*

+15

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+23

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+44

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+23

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*

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+44

+

+47

*

49

+52,50

51

+52,50

+113

+114

+46,68

+68-9

69

The first part of the contention of the two famones

70	<i>Cap.</i> Yes Poull.	42
+ 70-1	<i>Suffolke.</i> Poull.	
+ 73	<i>Cap.</i> I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt, Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine.	44
+ 75	Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that	
76	Smilde at good Duke Humphreys death, Shalt lie no longer to infect the earth.	48
*		
+ 106	<i>Suffolke.</i> This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais, Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,	
+ 108	The great Mafadonian Pyrate,	52
+ 112	Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.	
*		
+ 56-7	<i>Cap.</i> I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone. <i>Suffolke.</i> Haft not thou waited at my Trencher,	
+ 58	When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?	56
+ 59	Haft not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope? And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,	
+ 60	And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee? This hand hath writ in thy defence,	60
+ 64	Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.	
+ 103	<i>Cap.</i> Away with him Water, I say, and off with his hed.	
+ 120	i. <i>Priso.</i> Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.	
+ 124	<i>Suffolke.</i> First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,	64
*	Before this knee do bow to any, Saue to the God of heaven and to my King:	
+ 126	Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade	
+ 127	To such a Ladie groome.	68
+ 131	<i>Water.</i> Come, come, why do we let him speake, I long to haue his head for ransome of mine eye.	
* (20)		
+ 135	<i>Suffolk.</i> A Swordar and bandeto slaye, Murthered sweete Tully.	
136-7	Brutus bastard-hand stabde Julius Cæsar,	72
+ 138	And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.	
	<i>Exet Suffolke, and VVater.</i>	
+ 142-3	<i>Cap.</i> Off with his head, and send it to the Queene, And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,	75
* (139-40)	To see it safe deliuerner vnto her.	
+ 144	Come lets goe.	
	<i>Exet omnes.</i>	
	Enter	78

Houses of York and Lancaster.

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But firrha George whats the matter?

George. Why firrha, Jack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis growne thredbare,
Twas never merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp,

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt never see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daisies.

Nick. But firrha, who comes more beside Jacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great fort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Lacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

Enter *Jacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,*
Harry and the rest, with long staves.

Cade. Proclame silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I John Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brafes.

Will. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. Thats true I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seen him whipt two market daies togither.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire

VVill. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he shoulde feare the fire, being so often
burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes
reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaves for a penny,
and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felo-
ny to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God sauе your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of
my score, and go all in my luerie, and weele haue no writing, but
the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes
from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the
mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one
cannot abide it.

Enter *VVill* with the Clarke of *Chattam*.

Will. Oh Captaine a pryz.

Cade. Whose that Will?

VVill. The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and cast
account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hec has a booke
in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.

Now sir, whats your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you,
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name?

Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,

Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praisc God I haue bene so well brought
vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confess, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne
about his necke.

Enter one with the Clarke.

Enter *Tom*.

Tom. Captaine, newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his
brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade.

Houses of York and Lancaster.

72 *Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

73 *Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.

Kneele downe John Mortemer,

Rise vp sir John Mortemer.

76 Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

He Knights *Dicke Butcher*.

77 *Cade.* Then kneele downe *Dicke Butcher*,

Rise vp *Dicke Butcher*.

Now found vp the Drumme.

Enter sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with
Drumme and souldiers.

78 *Cade.* As for these silken coated slaves I passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

79 *Stafford.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor *Cade*?

80 Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

81 *Stafford.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

82 *Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

83 *Stafford.* Well, that's true: But what then?

84 *Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

85 *Stafford.* Thats false.

86 *Cade.* I, but I say, tis true.

87 *All.* Why then tis true.

88 *Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

89 *Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliuie at this day to testifie.

90 *Cade.* But doest thou heare *Stafford*, tell the King, that for his
fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with
Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long
as

+ 125

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+ 127

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+ 128-9

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+ 136

+ 137

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+ 140, 153, 43

+ 142

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+ 152

+ 153

+ 144

+ 145

* (146)

+ 147

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+ 149

*

+ 150-1

+ 154

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+ 155

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+ 157-8

+ 164

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+

2 Hen. VI.IV. ii.
+161-8
*(118)

+169-70

+112

+113

+176-7

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+179-80

+180-1

+182

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+186

+187

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IV. iii.

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IV. iv.

The first part of the contention of the two famous

as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

Sc. xiii.

106

Stafford. O monstrous simplicitie.*Cade.* And tell him, weeke haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

108

Stafford. As how I prethe?

112

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

116

Answeare me to that.

Stafford. Well firtha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

120

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

124

Stafford. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes, That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

128

*Exet Stafford and his men.**Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

128

*Exet omnes.*Alarums to the battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford
and his brother is slaine. Then enter Lacke

132

Cade againe and the rest.

Sc. xiv.*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was, Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week, Drumme strike vp, for now weeke march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminister.

1

4

6

*Exet omnes.*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with
the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,
with others.Sc. xv.*King.*

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me.
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staine, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suf-
folkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldest not
haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh flic my Lord, the Rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an usurper,
And that monstrous Rebelle Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flic my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meeete with the Rebels.
Come Madam, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therfore with your highnesse leauie, ile staine behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madam, let vs go.

Exet omnes.

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower
wallies walking.

Enter three or fourre Citizens below.
Lord Skayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?
I. Citizen. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Skayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,

G

But

+

12

13

The first part of the contention of the two famous

But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
 The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
 But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
 And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
 Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
 And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exet omnes.

Enter *Jacke Cade* and the rest, and strikethis sword
 vpon London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Cattie,
 And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
 That the first yeare of our raigne,
 The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
 And now hence forward, it shall be treason
 For any that calles me any otherwaise then
 Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a soldier.**Sould.* Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.*Cade.* Sounes, knocke him dovvne. (They kill him.*Dicke.* My Lord, theirs an Army gathered togither
 Into Smythfield.*Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,
 But first go on and set London bridge a fire,
 And if you can, burne dovvne the Tovver too.
 Come lets avvay.*Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the
 rest vvith him. Then enter *Jacke Cade* again,
 and his company.

Cade. So, sirs novv go some and pull dovvn the Sauoy,
 Others to the Innes of the Court, dovvne vvith them all.*Dicke.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
 For that vvord.*Dicke.* That vve may go burne all the Records,
 And that all vvrting may be put dovvne,
 And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforvard all things shall be
 in common, and in Cheapefide shall my palphrey go to graffe.*Why*

Houses of York and Lancaster.

• 12

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb
Should parchment be made, & then with a little blotting ouer with
Inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

16

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I
am sure I never seald to any thing but once, and I was never mine
owne man since.

• 20

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

24

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

28

Enter George.
George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

32

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answeare canst thou make vnto my mightiness,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue,
the Dolphin of France?
And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer
schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings
Crown and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be
said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reade
of booke with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and
such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.
And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Justises of peace
in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their living, and
because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for
which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-
cloth doest thou not?

36

Say. Yes, what of that?

40

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse ware a
cloake, when an honest man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and
doublet.

44

Say. You men of Kent.

48

All. Kent, what of Kent?

52

Say. Nothing but bona terra.

Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

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+ 35	
+ 36-7	
+ 40-1	
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+ 43	
+ 44	
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+ 48-50	
+ 50-1	
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+ 54-5	
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+ 56	
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+ 61	
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+ 62-3	

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+ 65

+ 66

+ 67

+ 70

+ 97

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+ 99-100

+ 100

+ 101-115

+ 116

+ 118

+ 119

*The first part of the contention of the two famous**VVill. No tis Dutch.**Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.**Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,
Then noble Country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.**Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?**Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.**Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be even
with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I
haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapefide and chop of
his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his
sonne in law, and cat off his head too, and bring them to me vpon
two poles prefently. (Away with him.**Exet one or two, with the Lord Say.
There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal fee to me for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can**Enter Robin. (tell.**Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.**Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and fetche pitch and flaxe and
squench it.**Enter Dicke and a Sargiant.**Sargiant. Justice, justice, I pray you sir, let me haue justice of this
fellow here.**Cade. Why what has he done?**Sarg. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.**Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.**Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,**Hough*

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Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exet with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and sir James
Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them
kisse togither.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the
Earle of *Comberland*.

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of *Kent*,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your sciuies,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor *Cade*?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke wherat you aime,
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*.

They forsake Cade.

Cade. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A *Cade*, a *Cade*.

They runne to Cade againe.

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company

2 Hen. VI.

IV. viii.

+ 57

+ 65

+ 61-4

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IV. xi.

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+ IV. iv. 41

+ " " 42

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

Blowne every way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.

He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaim,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.

Come march away. *Exet omnes.*

Enter King *Henry* and the Queen, and *Somerset*.

King. Lord *Somerset*, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?

Som. This, my gratiouse Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.

King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

Queen. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the
Rebels, with halters about their necks.

Cliff. Long liue King *Henry*, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdue,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

King. But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.

Cliff. No, my gratiouse Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations
are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thou-
sand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these
their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

King. Stand vp you simple men, and give God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

All. God sauе the King, God sauе the King.

King. Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne processions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
And triumphs of this happie victorie.

(*Exet omnes.*)

Enter

Sc. xviii.

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Sc. xix.

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Sc. xx.

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

Enter *Jack Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maister *Alexander Eyden* and his men, and *Jack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou
wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my
head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Abridge,
and swallow my fword like a great pinne.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leave of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the
Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fve dayes, yet
and I do not leave thee and thy fve men as dead as a doore nayle, I
pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand,
that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat
with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine,
and every way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirra
fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now fword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle
into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths
hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way. (They fight, and *Cade* falleth downe.)

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast flaire the floure of Kent for chivalrie,
but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand
diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fve
daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for *Jack Cade*
must die. (He dies.)

Eyden. Jack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue
slaine. Oh fword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt
thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou
haft done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my fword cut off his
head, and beare it to the King. Exet. Enter

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

*Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and souldiers,
Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royll King.
Ah Sancta Maiesta, who would not buy thee deare?*

Sc.xxi.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.**But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?**Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.**Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I syvere:
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?**Buc. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,
Henry. To knovv the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare vwith colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?**Yorke. A subiect as he is.**Oh hovv I hate these spitefull abieft termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who novv in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I knovv they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I ansyarde not at first, my mind vvas troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heauie proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeeded vp the Tovvnes in France.**Buc. Why that vvas presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwyse but so,
The King doth pardon thee, and grantst to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tovver.**Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?**Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.**Yorke. Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrovv in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.**Exet souldiers.**Buc. Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete vwith vs.*

Enter

Enter King Henry.

King. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath discharged his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did ſay,
To heave the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that vvere vp.

King. Then vwelcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thofe traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister Eyden vwith Jacke Cade's head.

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here preſent the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I flue.

King. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that vwicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life,
Did vworke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrovvſ in his frovning brovv,
Prefageth vvarlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy revvard,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.

Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhatſ thy name?
Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it pleafe your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King. Then riſe vp ſir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme revvard that vvas proclaimde,
For thofe that could perorme this vvorthie aet,
And thou ſhalt vwaighe vpon the person of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuft and loyall to my king. (Exet.

Enter the Queene vwith the Duke of Somerset.

King. O Buckingham ſee vvhere Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himſelfe till Yorke be gone.

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Queene.

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The first part of the contention of the two famous

Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?

Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'ſt me,

By heauen, thou ſhalt not gouerne ouer me:

I cannot brooke that Traitors preſence here,

Nor will I ſubiect be to ſuch a King,

That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,

Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,

That thou vſurped haſt ſo long by force,

For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,

And riſe aloft into faire Englands Throane.

Somer. Proud Traitor, I arēſt thee on high treason,

Againſt thy ſoueraigne Lord, yeeld thee falſe Yorke,

For here I ſweare, thou ſhalt vnto the Tower,

For theſe proud words which thou haſt giuen the king.

Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my ſonnes ſhalbe my baile,

And ſend thee there in diſpight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call Clifford hither preſently.

Enter the Duke of Yorke's ſonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crook-backe Richard, at the one doore, with Drumme and ſoldiers, and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his ſonne, with Drumme and ſouldiers, and Clifford kneeleſ to Henry, and ſpeakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and ſoueraigne King.

Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookeſ,

If thou diſt miſtake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I diſt no way miſtake, this is my King.

What is he made to Bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam frantike humor drives him thus

To leauy Armes againſt his lawfull King.

Clif. Why doth not your grace ſend him to the Tower?

Queene. He is arēſted, but will not obey,

His ſonnes he ſaith, ſhall be his baile.

Yorke. How ſay you boyes, will you not?

Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will ſerue.

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Richard.

*Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*59.
2 Hen. VI

104

Richard. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
 Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall hour.

V.I.

† 140

† 144

192

193

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108

Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salsbury* and *Warrwicke*, with
 Drumme and souldiers, And at the other, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with Drumme and souldiers.

† 148

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† 196

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112

Cliff. Are these thy beares? weeble bayte them soone,
 Dispight of thee and all the friends thou hast.

War. You had best go dreame againe,
 To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

200

Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storne,
 Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
 And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
 Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.

†

116

VVar. Now by my fathers age, old Neuells crest,
 The Rampant Beare chaind to the ragged staffe,
 This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
 As on a mountaine top the Cædar shewes,
 That keepes his leaues in spight of any storne,
 Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

204

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
 And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
 Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

208

Yoong Clif. And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,
 To quell these Traitors and their compleasies.

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69

The first part of the contention of the two famous

For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
 The which he alwaies did obserue.
 And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
 The Castle in saint Albones,
 Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.

Exet.

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of
Warwicke alone.

VVar. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
 And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,
 Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,
 And dead mens cries do fill the empie aire:
 Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
 Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
 Warwicke is hoarfe with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with
 his murthering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde
 thee out.

Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter Yorke.

VVar. How now my Lord, what a foote?
 Who kild your horse?

Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
 Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
 And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
 But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
 The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to
 fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chace,
 My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

VVar. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
 Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to day,
 It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaid.

Exet VVarwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,

Honors, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.

Clifford. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoyl'd the hatefull house of Yorke.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.

Yorke. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

Exet Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter yoong Clifford alone.

Yoong Clifford. Father of Cumberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O! dismally sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All sineard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe,
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did bear
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my foule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter *Richard*, and then *Clifford* laies downe his father,
fights with him, and *Richard* flies away againe.
Out crookbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exet yoong Clifford with his
father.*

62.
2 Hen. VI.
V. ii.

Sc. xxii.

The first part of the conuention of the two famous

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke
of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Avvay my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along vvith them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

King. Come then faire Queene to London let vs haft,
And sommon a Parlament vvith spedee,
To stop the fury of these dyre events.

Exet King and Queene.

V. iii.

Sc. xxiii.

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of
Torke and Richard.

Torke. Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long vve lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter Salsbury and Warwicke.

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

Salf. Well haft thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou haft preseru'd my life.

Torke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament,

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63.
2 Hen. VI.
V. iii.

Sc. xxiii.

Houes, of Turke and Lancaster.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
VVar. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

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Exet omnes.

F I N I S.



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and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

1594.



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